

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Jan. 28, 1940



SNOW may still be on the ground here and there throughout these States, ice may cover ponds and rivers, children may be coasting down hill and gliding

swiftly on skates—but, cheer up, Spring is just around the corner, weaving its spell in the minds of all of us. It is also in the mind of the distinguished British artist, Alastair

K. Macdonald, who, pausing to take off his overcoat and earmuffs, illustrates his longing for and impressions of Spring. In his typical manner Mr. Macdonald has expressed

his mood with delightful drawings of the graceful, charming figures which have become so popular with readers of The American Weekly.

Tagging Tots So They Can't Get Mixed Up

Easier for quick identification, when there isn't time to look at backs, is a string of beads around the baby's neck. Each bead has a letter on it. When Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Cadwalader comes to the hospital, a string of beads is made up spelling the name "Jones" or "Cadwalader." As soon as either baby arrives, the proper bead string is checked by the doctor to be sure it is right and fastened around the little neck in the maternity delivery room.

Two S Who Grew In

ed to fear compulsory military service.
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Talked About His Will After He Was Dead

the earth.

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Her parents were puzzled but thought things would right themselves very soon and Marjorie would go on being the girl she had been. But when Daisy's voice too, began doing the same strange antics when she reached 13, her folks were alarmed. Everyone was talking about what was happening to the Ferrow girls so doctors were consulted.

"he" was soon to enter the same hospital for similar treatment which would make the two sisters brothers. Both seemed glad they were to spend the rest of their lives as brothers. Mark said he always thought boys had a harder time than girls and David said he agreed. With war a reality and likely to continue for some time neither said to www.computersystems.com.

Both seemed to have led lives as brothers, and to have had a better time than most. But now a reality

Both seemed glad they were to spend the rest of their lives as brothers. Mark said he always thought boys had a better time than girls and David said he agreed. With war now a reality and likely to continue for some time neither seemed to [fear](http://www.alamy.com/amylliamson.com)

Cinderella's Suicide

Clary, the Poor Working Girl, Should Have Lived Happily Ever After When Her Real Prince Carried Her Off to His Castle, But It Wasn't a Fairy Tale After All, for When His Love Cooled, She Put a Bullet Through Her Broken Heart

"IT IS he, and he alone who has driven me to my death. I beg my family to swear an oath by my grave that Prince Nicholas Odescalchi shall die at their hands."

Thus ended the suicide note of poor little Clary Bindas and, with a bullet through her heart, she ended the Cinderella romance that thrilled all Hungary nearly two years ago.

Prince Nicholas, whom she asked her family to kill, was Clary's "Prince Charming," a genuine Prince, rich, handsome and every thing he should be, except that he changed his mind about marrying Cinderella.

Readers of The American Weekly may remember the poor and pretty sixteen-year-old "kidnaped Cinderella," whose abductor, instead of being a "white-slaver" as everyone supposed, turned out to be a Prince in disguise. He carried her off to his great ancestral castle, introduced her to his proud mother, the Dowager Princess, and asked the prisoner to marry him as soon as he had satisfied himself that she was as good as she was beautiful.

The romance was so delightful that it seemed too good to be true. It was true enough, but it didn't stay that way very long.

The Hungarian public, hearing nothing more of the lucky Clary, supposed that she was following the sequence of living happily ever after, with her Prince, until the other morning they read the final chapter in the newspapers.

A young man, round-eyed and panting, had burst into the surgery of Budapest's First Aid Ambulance Service.

"A girl has shot herself, in my car outside. Quick! Do something for her," he gasped.

Down the steps rushed two white-garbed men, but they returned slowly, carrying the girl. There was no hurry, as they had seen at the first glance—there was nothing to do but call the police. One of the two detectives who responded strolled fidgety at the dead girl's face while the other questioned the young man.

"I am Count Pietro Lazzari," he said in broken Hungarian, "and I don't know who she is. It was a big party and there were so many introductions, I didn't remember half the names. At the end, I promised to take her home."

"Where is her home?" interrupted the detective.

"I don't know, she hadn't told me yet. She asked me first to drive her slowly around the park for a breath of air. While I was doing that I heard a shot and there she was collapsed

BUDAPEST.

Clary Bindas, Whom the Prince Kidnaped and Changed Her Dream of a Perfect Romance.



Prince Nicholas Odescalchi, Cinderella's Lover and Abductor, Whom Clary, in Her Last Request, Asked Her Family to Kill.

on the back seat. So I drove here for help."

In death the girl contemplated the young Italian Count from all complicity. Her right hand still gripped the little pistol that had fired the shot. In her handbag was found what purported to be a contract, written in Italian, engaging Miss Maria Balogh, dancer, for a tour of Italian cities.

"So we have her name, anyway," remarked the detective who had done the questioning.

"Yes," replied the one who had done the starting, "but it is not Maria Balogh. Now I recognize that face. She is Clary Bindas, the theatre usherette whom Prince Nicholas kidnaped and was to marry. I often wondered if he had."

"The answer would seem to be no," said the other. "What's this?"

From a pocket of her mink coat he pulled out the suicide note, addressed simply, "To my father."

Prince Nicholas Balogh-Livius Innocent August Melchior Maria Odescalchi, who bears not only one of the longest but oldest names in Hungary, was not at home to news reporters, but he had to receive representatives of the law. These found him at Kisvarda, in the same ancient, feudal stronghold to which he had taken Clary as the kidnaped Cinderella.

"Why didn't you marry the girl, as you



promised?" the Prince was asked. He replied:

"The main reason is that my wife changed her mind about the divorce she was getting at the time. Recently she wrote me that she is coming back soon and that I had better make up my mind what to do about the other woman."

"The situation was becoming impossible, so I told Clary she would have to go home to her father. She was well-equipped to take care of herself. I had trained her at considerable expense, in dancing, singing, fencing, horseback-riding, elocution, foreign languages, deportment and all that, also she had a wardrobe worthy of a moving picture star."

"She was fitted for a screen career, which was her one ambition when we met, but now that I had made it possible, she did not want it any more. She preferred death. I am not responsible for her act."

Legally this was true enough and the officers of the law hid him a cold good-bye.

Everyone, including no doubt the Prince himself, wondered whether Clary's father, a construction foreman, would hold him morally responsible.

The answer soon came by mail. It was a light little package, addressed to Nicholas, and contained a suit of the costliest French silk lingerie, but stiff with blood and pierced by a bullet hole. Mr. Bindas is not badly with a pen and thought no words were necessary with that message.

Early in the Spring of 1938, Clary and her young friend, Mani Turzeli, failed to return home from their brand new job as usherettes at the open-air theatre on Margaret Island. There was worry and wonder in two homes, but no clue until 24 hours later, Clary's parents received a postcard from her, mailed in a nearby town. It said:

"Don't worry and don't search for us. We are going out of town. I shall write again."

The families of the two girls did worry and all Budapest worried with them because the papers had recently told of "white-slaver" activities in spiriting girls away to South America. Over 200 detectives were put on the trail, searching every hotel or other likely hiding place and watching every point where slavers might carry a girl across the border.

For three days no more trace was found than if the earth had swallowed the pair. Then Mani stepped from a bus in front of her home, all dimpled and smiling, to be dim-bled at the sensation his arrival caused.

In the living-room of her home she was commended to explain to a crowd of relatives

whose hostile, suspicious faces warned her that anything she said would be taken with a large dose of salt.

The reason was that the poor working girl was arrayed in such costly finery as could not have been honestly earned by a year's work as an usherette and she had yet to draw her first week's pay. Mani's faltering tale was this:

"We met two nice young men on the island. They were awfully gentlemanly to us and asked us to have supper with them. They did not trouble to introduce themselves but we could tell from their conversation that one was Prince Nicholas Odescalchi and the other Count Anthony Forgach."

At this there were agonized groans from the listeners who thought they could imagine the rest. But they let the girl go on:

"After supper they promised to take us home in the Prince's big car, but they took us to his town house instead. We had a very good time, both the Count and the Prince were charming, but when we wanted to go home, the Prince got quite rough and locked us up in a room."

More moans from the listeners and nothing of heads. The tale was going exactly as they expected.

"Next day he brought some lovely clothes for us, then he packed us into his big car and off we went to his castle in the country, but the Count wasn't with us any more."

"I don't know where the place is but it is close to Kisvarda. The castle is big and grand, with hundreds of rooms, barred windows and servants who watched us all the time. We were treated well but I wanted to get back to my fiance. So the Prince gave me some money for the journey and let me go, but Clary had to stay—and that is all."

Nobody believed her, least of all her fiance, Alajos Sander, who said he could not bear the disgrace of having everyone know that she had been dishonored. He stepped out of the house and shot himself. The bullet took a fortunate course, permitting him to live, apologize for his evil thoughts and be forgiven.

The police of Kisvarda were ordered by telephone to visit Tuzsa Castle and there they found Clary the contented guest of the Prince. Next day her father arrived with a lawyer to find his daughter in raiment that far outshone that of Mani.

Rashly happy she threw her arms around Papa's neck and said:

"I haven't been kidnaped, I am here of my own free will and I don't want to go home. The Prince and I love each other and he has presented me to his mother who is just too sweet for words. The Prince has given me the loveliest horse. I am learning to ride and he has sent for masters to teach me French, English and everything else a real lady should know. Just think of that! Please let me stay where I am. I'd rather die than leave the Prince."

All this enthusiasm left the father cold. Loosening his daughter's arms, he said sternly to the Prince:

"I will let my lawyer speak for me."

"No need for anything so sordid," replied the noble gentlemen. "It is all quite simple. I have asked your daughter to marry me, she has accepted, we now await only your blessing and—er—my wife's final divorce decree, which I expect momentarily. Meanwhile Clary will receive intensive education in every way, that she may grace the position of head of my household."

"You expect me to believe that?" demanded Mr. Bindas.

"And why not?" asked a cultured voice, as the Dowager Princess swept into the room. "They have my blessing."

The father's opposition collapsed and that is the way the story ended with the public and until the suicide. It had been a delightful story to every person who read it, with one exception. Her Highness, the Princess, did not care for the romance, insisted on referring to Cinderella as "the other woman" and snatched back her divorce just in time.

The Prince went ahead coaching his Cinderella just as if it were still possible for her to be a Princess, but finally he had to tell her the truth.

The romance had turned into a tragedy that soon must end because his wife was coming back and held the whip-hand and Clary must go back to her father.

As the Gossips Had Predicted, It Was an Unhappy Ending. Instead of Becoming the Princess, Clary Found Only Disillusionment and Brought the Story to a Close With a Bullet.

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She remembered that once he had expressed the opinion that no professional dancer could remain "unmarried" for long. Hoping it would move him, she forged that dancing contract for the Italian cities and showed it to him at that last party. His remark was:

"Congratulations!"

"This was the last straw."

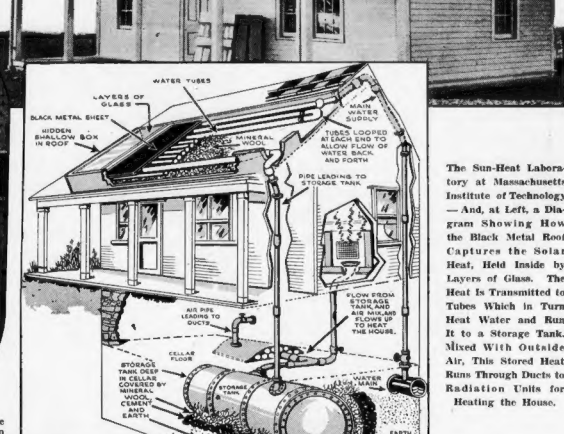
"All right," she told him, "I'll go home to father! He told him, 'I'll go home to father!'"

And home Cinderella went, with a bullet through her broken heart.



This Is How Clary's Story Ended—With Grieving Friends and Relatives Gathered Around as Her Casket Was Being Lowered Into the Grave.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology has a Special Laboratory for What Seems at First a Foolish Method of Capturing Neutron Radiations That Can Be Recycled and Redistributed—And, of Course, Necessary the Fuel



A detailed black and white illustration of a large, complex mechanical device, likely a water pump or a mill, situated in a park-like setting. The machine features a large, prominent wheel on the right side, connected to a complex frame of beams and supports. A person is standing near the base of the machine, providing a sense of scale. In the background, there are trees, a building, and a statue, suggesting a public square or a park. The overall style is that of a 19th-century engraving.

An 18th Century Attempt to Utilize Sun-Heat—The Old Woodcut Shows the Burning Glass Invented by Bernerres, the French Scientist, But It Had Little Economic Usefulness.

That is just what the experimenters want. This heat, once imprisoned in the water, must not escape until it is needed for warming the house or running some machine. Since metals that absorb heat easily also will let that heat leak out again, the scientists put a layer of mineral wool—a material that doesn't let heat pass through readily—underneath the tubes of water.

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Even cooling the house in the Summer is a job that can be done by the sun. Everyone is familiar with the kind of refrigerator operated by heat—a gas or kerosene flame being used instead of electricity. In the new sun-heated and sun-cooled house the refrigerating system will be run by the stored sun-heat in the basement

Everybody Laugh But the Funny Men's Lives

Mr. Arthur "Bugs" Baer Considers a Very Curious Matter, and Decides That "It's Dear Honey Thails Licked Off a Thorn," and "That Jest, Like Sweetmeats, Have Often Sour Sauce"

Frieda Mierse Wynn Whose Extremely Funny Husband, Shown at the Right in His Famous Role of "The Fire Chief," Made Her Learn Two Words a Day, and Frieda Never Thought Funny Mr. Wynn Funny Anywhere About the House.

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

"We open soft show to 'Hearts and Flowers,' segue into 'Bole O'Grady' for a clod walk, and when I kick her in the face send me into 'A Baby's Prayer at Twilight.'"
(Music Cues of The Two Happy Hoggans.)

IF YOU had ever been in a vaudeville theatre on Monday morning you would have heard the happiest of the Two Happy Hoggans giving his music cues to the comatose director of the house orchestra.

A kick in the happy expression was always the melodious signal for the big finish, and Mrs. Hoggan was supposed to take it big with a rigid smile that is known to corners' juries as the Rissus Sardonicus or starchy grimace.

It was Mr. Hoggan who among the entertaining brogan and his Missus was never more whether she was a wife or a field goal from a difficult angle.

But the show 'hust go on. One joyful day in the lives of the Two Happy Hoggans the unhappiest of the Two Happy Hoggans beat him to the kick.

And the show went on. On the Fritz. Right then and there Mr. Hoggan curled up for the evening without a good book.

It was one of those rare occasions when a comic's wife gets the best of it. Mrs. Hoggan was as fed up as a pigeon in a grain elevator and as tired as an ankle in an old folks' home. Usually, the comic's wife gets a big double helping of the worst of it.

Mrs. Al Johnson—Ruby—is a neat example and her divorce petition indicates that comedians at home turn as sour as cucumbers in a pickle factory. "Since their marriage, defendant has treated plaintiff with extreme cruelty and caused plaintiff grievous mental and physical suffering thereby," she avers and deposes.

A stage comic's wife must always have one foot in the aisle for she never knows when her funny husband is going to fly off the handle like a greased axe head.

Perhaps what Ruby meant was, in effect: "He said I got a bone bruise from trying to traction."

"He said I got a bone bruise from trying to think."

"When we had guests he sat there as gloomy as a nuke's bedroom."

"He never took me with him. Then he would laugh loud and tell the story of the traveling salesman who always took his wife with him because she was so ugly he didn't want to kiss her good-by."

"He used to recite the words of a sarcastic love poem written by a dyspeptic newspaperman. It was entitled, 'When I'm With You, I'm Lonesome.'"

"He said I was as stupid as a barbell lathering a mirror."

All of which may prove that if it makes your wife cry it must be a good joke.

The sad comic convulses thousands on the stage but at home gives his wife convulsions. He wants top billing in the theatre and in his double. His egotism is triply-epic and is best described by the famous comedian who named his yacht Mrs. JOHN Gable in honor of his wife.

Ruby said that Al Jive has an inferiority complex by doing all the talking. Yet, some actors have modesty said: "Let's stop talking about ourselves. What do you think of my new play?"

ED WYNN is another comic who is just as funny around the house as red ink in a treasurer's report. When the beautiful Frieda Mierse married the Perfect Fool she didn't

know that funny men and sky-writers never bring their work home with them. The hilarious Wynn, complained Frieda, walked around the house with a face longer than the neck on a bull fiddle.

Here are some of the things the glamorous Frieda also averred and deposed she had to do to please the morose comedian.

Improvise a social graces; learn a method of ordering meals approved by Wynn; take singing lessons, dramatic lessons and also courses in etiquette. Finally, Ed bought her a dictionary and commanded her to learn two new words a day.

Frieda learned Megalobatrachus, a genus consisting of the giant salamander and Snipescopy, by means of which a soldier can aim and fire without danger to himself. But she never did succeed in working Megalobatrachus and Snipescopy into the ordinary conversation.

The Perfect Fool then sued for divorce and Frieda asked for twelve thousand dollars a year and the custody of the dictionary. She wants to learn a couple of words that will put Wynn's bank roll up in curl papers.

IT WAS an oldtime vaudeville comic who introduced, "Meet the wife and don't laugh." The wifes don't laugh much either and Mrs. Stan Laurel was no exception to the constitution and by-laws.

Stan has a sad puss that looks like hash on the back of the stove. But he gets plenty of laughs in the movies. So Illiana should have been very happy if Stan hadn't called her ill for short and Leana when he wanted to remind her she was getting fatter.

Illiana solemnly swears that five engines de-toured to the Laurel mansion at all hours of the night, police vans rolled up tandem and ambulances skidded up with their radiators cooking coffee. Even a mortician marched in with a corporal's guard of professional mourners ready to plant someone like a tulip bulb in rich, fertile loam. Illiana states all these side-splitting jokes weren't her idea of good clean fun for adults and children alike.

Stan denied all this and was awarded a divorce for incompatibility of laughter and general depredation of neighboring real estate values. Illiana tried unsuccessfully to have the verdict brushed off. But no dice.

SOME of the observations made by the learned counsel in these various divorce trials were:

Any woman taking a diamond bracelet



George Jessel and Norma Talmadge Looking Very Funny in Childhood Party Costumes—But Norma Thought There Was Nothing Childish About George When She Had a Palm Beach Court Put Him Under Bond to Maintain the Peace Because, She Said, She Feared He Would Do Her Bodily Harm.

from a comic does so on her own wrist.

Love, honor and—O! Boy! It's dear-bought honey that is licked off a thorn.

Better to sit with a wise man in trouble than with a fool in Paradise.

Jests, like sweetmeats, have often sour sauce.

Jokers and chisls must be content to taste of their own broth.

THE LIST of comic's wives who have gone completely nuts is a tragic roster of chilled, wounded feelings and hissing. When the comedy team fails to go over big the comic always blames his wife. The result is perpetual kicking and physical punneling.

The stage manager of the renowned Palace in New York heard a terrific scream from the wings just as a rather tight knock-out comedy team finished its turn to silence. He found that the comic had just strangled his wife because the poor frightened thing had mused a laugh cue.

"If you ever strike this lady in my house," said the stage manager, "you're through. You are not only through here but on the rest of the subway circuit. You're through in America, Europe and other places not yet discovered. I'll not put you out of show business here, stick and barrel if I ever hear your wife scream again."

Faced with this complete vaudeville purge the comedian promised. But the poor bulldozed wife missed the same cue at the next show. And as they went off into the shabby wings in the silent verdict that means a flop, the enraged comic hauled off and knocked his wife down with a punch on the jaw.

As she opened her mouth in an involuntary

gap of pain and grief the comic placed his index finger across his own lips and whispered, "Shh-as-sh-shush."

The incident was seen if not heard by twenty mudgits waiting their turn in the wings. It was told to the stage manager by fifteen of the mudgits which plurality is considered corroboration in legislature or show business.

And although he hadn't heard the lady scream, thanks to the quick-witted comic's "shush," he gave him a going over while the wife looked on in the dressing room.

Those who know Jessel's pugilistic ability claim he couldn't do the Kobi-noor diamond that much harm with a trip hammer. Even the renowned Lump Men of the East side mean sharks will give you your lumps far cheaper than that.

However, the beauteous damsel was in distress and dattress as Jimmy the Schinzoia would say. By the way, Durante is one of the few comedians who breaks up things on the stage instead of at home. Willie Howard and his wife are also as happy as two bugs in a rug with the rug paid for.

But it was no go with George and Norma who charged incompatibility in securing a Mexican divorce. She jumped without waiting to see what the other passengers were going to do.

OUR OLD friend Jack Barrymore qualifies as a great comedian when in the mood.

(Continued on Page 15)

Al Johnson and Ruby When It Didn't Seem That It Mattered Much Whether Their Humor or Lack of Humor Got Together or Not.

Especially in the Ariel-Caliban serial with Elaine Barrie. Like most happy stage couples they soon discovered there was no defense for a left hook.

Elaine registered a twelve-page divorce, mental catalogue against John which tabulated everything from caustic resumes of her acting process to undertable kicks on the shin-bones.

Then husband and wife also played in "My Dear Children" in which Elaine played the role of John's daughter. The action called for John to spank Elaine every night and twice on matinee days. That was malarkey chowder, otherwise known as duck soup, for Jackie Boy, Practice makes perfect and soon John was spanking her as the sparks fly upward.

Elaine claimed that he whalloped her with such historic ability that he split a pair of her best lace panties. So she left the show but remained on the payroll at \$250 a week.

As a stage daughter she couldn't stand life with father. But if she had appeared in that



CULVER SERVICE



CULVER SERVICE

Why NOBODY'S Sorry Russia Quit the World's Fair



Big Joe is on the Way Back to Little Joe, Who Probably Will Welcome Him for the Looks of the Thing—But the Trouble Is Big Joe Didn't Do a Very Good Job in America.

By CHARLES YALE HARRISON,
Author of "Generals Die in Bed," "Meet Me
on the Barricades," and "Other Books, Promi-
nent Columnist and Labor Journalist."

THE Russian retreat to Moscow from the New York World's Fair down on Flushing Meadows started a few days ago when the oversized, stainless steel young Communist known variously as "Big Joe" and "Red Mike" atop the pylons of the Soviet pavilion came down to earth on orders from Stalin.

"Big Joe," named for the Communist leader "Little Joe" Stalin in his slow, perfunctory descent at the hands of an American wrecking crew was the symbol of Soviet Russia's withdrawal from the New York exhibition; a withdrawal which brought expression of relief from everyone who saw a few Communists in the vicinity of Union Square, Manhattan's Red hangout.

This huge synthetic metallic youth, representing "The Spirit of the Soviet Worker," was seventy-nine feet tall and held a Russian star aloft at an altitude of 286 feet thus putting to shame the best performance of Shipwreck Kelly and other flagpole-sitters.

And until an outraged patriotic American climbed the Fair's parachute jump and nailed the Stars and Stripes to it, the Soviet star held in the huge fist of "Big Joe," as the Russian figure was called, was the highest point at the Fair, a fact which cooperated thousands of Fair visitors daily.

Red star over Long Island was rather disconcerting to say the least. It could be seen as far south as Trenton, New Jersey, farther than the torch on our own Statue of Liberty.

To step within the polished doors of this building was to enter another dimension where one saw nothing but pictured rosy, smiling faces of Soviet workers, well-dressed Communist women, passing in the joy of their work only to record their happiness for the benefit of Soviet painters and photographers.

Throughout their Communist building, the various exhibits showed vast quantities of machinery being manufactured.

The Moscow subway—which in reality is only one mile long—was represented in miniature as spotless and running with smooth efficiency along at least thirty miles.

Everywhere, if you took the exhibit at its face value, were leisure, contentment and plenty, all due to Lenin and his heir Stalin.

Forgetting for a moment the Fair itself and the effect of these Russian Communists upon it, consider the home scene in Flushing, a suburb of New York close to the fairgrounds, who were the first to be initiated into Russian customs when they rented rooms to the Soviet employees of the pavilion.

There were about 200 Russians on the staff of the World's Fair Communist exhibit, most of them students. They received about \$200 a month in good American currency.

That was something about nothing in Russia. A group of thirty-two of these "comrades" rented a white house in Flushing. The girls lived on the ground floor and the men upstairs. This nominal separation of the sexes, however, meant nothing. They walked in and out of each other's rooms without knocking. Girls lay in bed, sometimes completely uncovered, while men passed through their rooms in pajamas or without them.

Shame, said one of the girls, is a bourgeois

prejudice, unbecoming to true proletarians.

Of the thirty-two, according to the housekeeper of the place, only one man had any regard for cleanliness. The rest smoked in their beds, dropped ashtrays everywhere, and when they had fruit they tossed the pits and cores into the corners of rooms. Curtains and furniture were damaged by burning cigarettes.

When they began to spit on the floors the housekeeper placed spittoons in every room. But the Russians had a knack of missing the spittoons and finally dispensed with them altogether.

This happy commune of thirty-two did their own cooking. Vegetables were never washed. Some of them ate raw meat. They were shown how to fry chickens. And at the time they left this country they still didn't know how to do it. Not one had ever seen a gas stove before they came to New York.

They were slow in paying their bills. This was also true of the Soviet Fair Commission. Several mechanic liens totaling some \$160,000 were filed against the Russian Pavilion by some contracting companies. Other contractors, too, had trouble in collecting.

And when it came to paying rent in Flushing it was always "tomorrow." The landlords sometimes were compelled to wait months for the rent.

In general, the Russians had no sense of money values. No price seemed too high for an article when it was badly wanted.

The girls went on shopping sprees, buying silk hose and silk underwear like any girl long deprived of little luxuries. At first they refused to buy silk because it was Japanese, but after the signing of the Hitler-Stalin pact, they stopped the boycott with evident pleasure.

The men bought cameras, bicycles and radios. Cost was no object. They had no idea of American prices and even the most inferior material looked excellent when compared to Russian standards.

Parties at the pavilion and elsewhere were anything but proletarian. The girls wore expensive evening clothes and while the men

seldom wore tails or tuxedos, they gave evidence of trying to. And there was always champagne and caviar in generous quantities.

The Russian commission in charge of the pavilion rented a spacious house in Rockaway, one of New York's bathing resorts, for use of the staff during the Summer season. Special cars shuttled them back and forth. Yet in spite of their great love of swimming, many of them were asked to leave their Flushing quarters because of slovenliness, filth and disregard for American standards of decent living.

Many of the neighbors complained that Russian men and women walked about their apartments stark naked, never dreaming of pulling down the shades.

In Russia, American fellow travelers are fond of telling us, capitalistic morality has been abolished. But the good housewives of Flushing look matters into their own hands and phoned the police complaining of this Soviet exhibitionism.

"The shades were soon pulled down,

And when the landladies informed the Soviet ladies that they were not permitted to have boy friends remain overnight, the girls left in a huff, indignant at this "interference in a purely personal matter" as one Russian comrade put it.

So today huge packing cases marked "Red of Square, No. 3, Moscow, USSR" stand on the docks of New York's harbor, dreary symbols of another Soviet undertaking which has ended in failure and disgrace.

Last Spring, however, all was sweetness and brotherly love. The official opening of the pavilion was marked by a replenished gathering of Fair officials and diplomats and a fanfare of publicity.

Mayor LaGuardia and other notable guests attended and paid glowing tribute to the progress and peace-loving characteristics of the Soviet Union.

The Russian Charge d'Affaires, now the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, Constantin Oumansky, said:

"The whole Soviet Union is eager to participate in the New York World's Fair because we, too, have a record for enterprise and energy and are equally determined for peace."

A few months later, however, General Walter Krivitsky, former head of the Russian Military Intelligence Service for Western Europe, denounced Oumansky before the Dies Committee as a former agent of the hated Soviet GPU, or secret police.

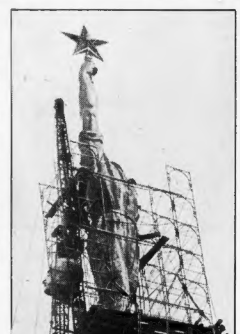
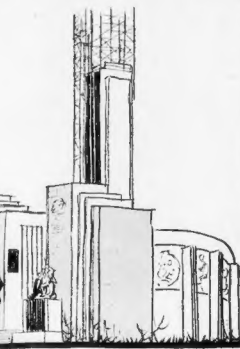
And shortly after that Russia's determination for peace was dramatically demonstrated by the invasion of Poland and Finland.

Concerning the latter, one of the last employees of "Big Joe" or "Red Mike," whichever you please, had this to say—and believe it or not, it was said in all seriousness:

"Our strategy against Finland is perfect. We have many millions of men in Russia—at least sixty thousand against the Finns. Very well. We send five Russians to one Finn to be captured. This means five months to

fight against one.

Removal of the "Communist Cancer," Whose Red Star Could Be Seen Farther Than Our Statue of Liberty's Torch, Lets the Clean Daylight Into a Closet Stuffed With Scarlet Skeletons



Almost the Final Stage of Big Joe's Departure With His Head Hanging at His Side, and Little Joe's Likeness Carved on the Exhibit's Wall.

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Big Joe, Alias "Red Mike," As the Flushing, Long Island, Children Reverently Called Him, Just Before He Lost His Arrogant, Stainless Steel Head in Preparation for His Deportation to Moscow.

The Finns are, of course, bourgeois humanitarians—so called—and will feed the prisoners. The fools! It means starvation to them.

"We will send thousands over to be killed. When Spring comes these cadavers will rot. And that means pestilence to the Finns. And so, by higher intelligence we trap the folks by starvation and pestilence."

"But Russia will continue to breed new Russians."

The number of visitors to the Communist exhibit was impressive. But one must not forget that most of them were planted by the Reds themselves. They used the methods of crooked auctioneers who pack their auction rooms with fake bidders.

It was nothing unusual to see an "American worker" with a good-looking wife and two or three kids stop in front of an exhibit within the Russian Pavilion and hear him explain to her the wonderful achievements of the Soviets. Innocent visitors would soon form a group around this worker and swallow his spiel. A short time later this same worker would appear in front of some other exhibit with a different wife or a friend and then go through the same spiel in praise of the Soviets.

Obviously hundreds of such "workers" were planted. They were local Communists who were paid to do the job. This cleverly stage-managed show was not recognized as a fake by most of the visitors, except by those who used their intelligence and could see through the thin screen of Communist propaganda. These stoges would sometimes make as many as twenty performances a day.

On a large table in the center of the main hall were copies of the USSR constitution printed in several languages. And carefully coached guides intoned the Soviet propaganda ritual: "The Soviet Union—a country which has ended exploitation of men by men, eliminated racial and national animosities."

This, of course, was before the Russian rape of Poland, and the savage attack on the Finns.

In the main hall a mural, 53x30 feet, showed the "socialized way of life under the guidance of Stalin and Lenin," represented in a gay crowd around Lenin, Stalin, Kalinin and Molotov. It was a work of eleven artists and "an example of collective painting"—whatever that may be.

Numerous automatic moving picture projection machines showed scenes of Soviet life, mostly political, such as scenes of the 1937 election.

No forced labor camps, no prisons—just a happy and contented people!

The Arctic pavilion displayed the hut of the explorer Papanov while he floated around the North Pole. In front of the building was the plane of Valery Chkalov who made the first trans-polar flight from Moscow to U. S. A. The plane was painted red. The exhibit in the Hall of Nations consisted chiefly of political

(Continued on Page 17)



The Girls Lived on the Ground Floor, and the Men Upstairs. They Walked In and Out of Each Other's Rooms Without Knocking. Everybody Smoked in Bed, Dropped Ashes Everywhere, and When They Had Fruit, They Tossed the Cores Into Corners of the Rooms.

Only Troubles Now for Mae Murray Who Once Had Everything Else

12-Year-Old Koran, Mae's Son, Who Doesn't Want to Live With Mama or Papa Either, and Who Prince David Insists Must Never Become a Marrying Mdivani.



SILVER SERVICE

The Start of the Mdivani Marrying Cycle, Mae Murray and Prince David, Photographed Just After Their Wedding Had Dumbfounded the Old Movie World.

Instead of a Royal Court, Mae's Troubles Took Her Into the Civil Court. This Shows Her Asking for \$12,000 a Year From the Prince.

With the World of the Old Silent Movies at Her Feet, She Launched the Mdivani Princes on Their Marrying Careers and Made Her Rivals Miserable—But Now She's Unhappiest of Them All, Fighting for Her Little Boy, Whose Father, Prince David, Says Mustn't Become Another "Marrying Mdivani"

By LLOYD PANTAGES, Well-Known Motion Picture Commentator.

MAE MURRAY'S suit for possession of her 12-year-old son, Koran, and \$12,000 a year for his custody, seems to complete the cycle of the marrying Mdivanis which she started.

Her marriage in 1926 to Prince David, the first, the oldest, and not the last male survivor, not only launched the Brothers Mdivani on their profitable careers but blazed the trail for a lot of noble gold-diggers. Most everyone seems to have gotten his or hers, in one way or another, while the fad lasted, except Mae, the pioneer, who was rated as worth a quarter million when she married Prince David, but now says she has virtually nothing.

If Mae could have copyrighted the Mdivani and collected 10 per cent royalty on the marriage profits, she would be a rich woman today.

The former glamour girl's first husband (only they called it glitter then, not glamour) was Jay O'Brien, known as the Beau Brummel of Broadway. After their divorce she married her own director, Robert Ziegler Leonard. "Director" is a potent title in Hollywood but not noble, and confers nothing on a wife but a movie job, which this star did not need. Her second divorce was collected at Paris, in 1925.

The next year she spent getting rich through her own talents. At this time Hollywood was attracting needy, and sometimes needy, nobility and near-royalty. These had a polish or at least a shine which fascinated the stars and producers but their practical use in the studios was as extras. Stars don't usually marry extras.

Therefore Mae's marriage to Prince David not only put the Mdivani family into Hollywood's social register but lifted their native Georgia, Asia, from just a spot in darkest Bolshevik Russia to a place on the map of the world almost as important as the American State by the same name.

The former glitter girl of the movies, as Princess Mdivani, naturally expected to see something of royalties and court life and she did see plenty of both, though not quite as expected.

The royalties turned out to be oil royalties, payable to others. The courts were courts of law in which she and her noble husband were sued by complaining investors, over those same royalties.



Pola Negri, Mae's Rival, Who Followed Her Example and Married Prince Serge. Pola Is Shown in This Photograph When She Triumphantly Returned With Serge to Hollywood.

Mae Murray has been a rather prominent court figure even since, appearing either personally or by lawyer, in criminal courts, civil courts, police courts, small claims courts, traffic courts and now the Court of Domestic Relations, at Albany, N. Y., sparring with her long-since divorced Prince David over the cash and custody of handsome young Koran.

Princess Mae Mdivani's marriage was a sensation, with such a flood of publicity that Hollywood rocked with it. "Hi! Prince, Hey! Duke," were good enough salutations, without any gymnastics, while speculations of nobility and near-royalty were never animated slumber. But when Miss Murray, a real star, became one of them, everyone was struck dumb.

At first nobody knew, when she turned up on a movie set, whether to stoop, curtsy, acquint or squat. The new Princess Mdivani accepted all four gestures with equal graciousness.

Among those who first recovered from the surprise and appreciated the value of the idea was Pola Negri, who hurried over to Paris and next year became a Princess Mdivani by marrying David's next younger brother, Serge, who had been waiting a long time for something to turn up.

Just possibly, Princess Mae was a trifle

piqued at Princess Pola for "pirating" the idea, without giving its originator even a credit line in all the new publicity, but she said nothing at first.

One day she read an interview in which Pola said that her marriage to Prince Serge was a perfectly natural sequence because, as children, they had often played together in the Mdivani ancestral castle.

That was too much. Mae wired the editor of the Los Angeles Examiner that the whole interview was impossible and the only kids Pola had played with were children of her own Polish home town. Mae demanded that the editor contradict the whole thing and "expose La Negri." The editor, however, wasn't quite impressed. He wired back:

"Sorry, but cannot print your statement. The comic supplement has already gone to press."

This silenced Mae for some time but she was distracted by the activity of her friend, Gloria Swanson, who was making "Madame Sans Gene," right in the actual palaces of Napoleon. Someone had hired her for a guide, interpreter and expert on Napoleonic lore the most delightfully named guide she had ever seen.

Upon being asked how he got that way, the courtly person explained that his noble ancestors had been in the service of the Emperor and of Kings Louis Philippe and Louis XVIII. From then had come down no great amount of wealth but the polish and the titles of Marquis de la Faisne et de la Coudraye.

This double-headed title made Gloria's heart beat so rapturously that she married him out of hand. Bringing her prize home to Hollywood, the turn-out, turmoil, flower-throwing and general upsurge was tops for the time and put out of joint the lovely noses of both Princesses Mdivani.

The "Marquis Hark" proved one of the most popular of all Hollywood importations and when low-weariness brought divorce, there was a long line of streamlined but financially robust persons, eager to be the next Marquis.

Constance Bennett won the title but became a dissatisfied customer, mostly because the marriage laws of France were a painful surprise.

In that country the moment the ceremony is over, the husband becomes automatically owner of half his wife's worldly goods besides many rights and powers over a wife, unknown in America. These many divorce seem to Constance unavailable in France, except at a considerable cost. The Marquis, now in the French army, has denied that any finan-

cial obstacles prevent a divorce.

Meanwhile, the Mdivanis went marrying on and on. Mae's sister-in-law, Princess Roussadana, wed Jose Maria Sert, famous artist and friend of the former King of Spain. Another sister-in-law, Princess Nina, became plain Mrs. Charles Henry Huberich, wife of an expert on international law, divorced him and married Conan Doyle, wealthy son and heir of the great novelist, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

As soon as Pola Negri divorced him in 1931, Prince Serge shifted from the films to the grand opera front by wedding Mary McCormack, only to have his freedom handed back again in 1932, the same year that Mae decided not to be a Princess any longer.

That was the big year when the youngest brother, Prince Alexis, stepped out in front by capturing the wealthy heart and hand of Louise Van Allen, lovely socialite granddaughter of the Astors and kin of the Vanderbilts.

Cupid's wings moulted so quickly that divorce came within a year.

Alexis was out in the cold only a week or two before he married Barbara Hutton, next to Doris Duke, America's greatest heiress.

Louise Van Allen seems to have liked the title but not the particular individual who had conferred it on her, so in 1933 the logical thing appeared to be to marry Serge who was available.

That same year Alexis was divorced by Barbara and before finding a substitute was killed in an automobile accident on the Riviera.

Early the following year Serge was killed in a polo game at Palm Beach.

This seems to have put an end to the Mdivani marriages, because Roussadana, weeping at the coffin of Alexis, was stricken with paralysis and later died, and Prince David, the only male survivor, still sticks to his statement that he is not a marrying Mdivani. That alliance with Mae was his one and only one.

As a by-product of their having both been briefly wed to Alexis, Louise and Barbara dislike each other so cordially that in putting the only sign of recognition is a sudden "tutting on of the ice."

Alexis' estate consisted largely of a pre-nuptial payment by Barbara, before taking.

His will bequeathed much of this down payment to his brother, Serge, but before it could be delivered, he too was in his grave and, much to Barbara's pain, it went to her ex-friend, Louise, as the widow.

Also a handsome portion came to Prince ("once-is-enough") David, which she suspects is the real reason for the present suit against him.

Ghosts of Mae's departed wealth are still to be seen. There is her pink stucco, Moorish palace on the sands of Playa del Rey, its windows gazing mournfully out to sea, as if trying not to notice the unromantic oil wells surrounding it.

As though to add insult to injury, the city of Los Angeles and Mae for possession of the mansion, on the ground that all but the kitchen stands on state tide-water lands.

Then there is a lovely English home, once hers on San Vicente Boulevard. Her stocks and bonds, Mae asserts, were all lost in the business ventures for which she blames her divorced Prince.

Last September Mae made a personal appearance in the limelight of the Los Angeles Courts. She pointed out that the divorce of 1933 had granted her custody of their child, Koran, with \$5,000 a year for his support. But, alleging that the father had not paid the money, she wanted the case reopened and a \$12,000-a-year custody allowance imposed, especially since Prince David admits he is worth at least \$300,000.

The Prince brought countersuit, asking that the custody be taken from the mother and given to him, on the ground that Mae was unfit to be a mother due to alleged extravagance and neglect.

Mae wanted to know how a penniless person could play an extravagant role in real life.

The judge ordered the boy brought to court and learned that he was not with either parent but living with Miss Bessie Canning in the outskirts of Albany, N. Y.

The child had to be brought within the State of California before the court would

When the Movie World Was at Her Feet—Mae Murray at the Height of Her Reign as a Movie Queen in the Days of the Silent Cinema.

PAUL ALFRED COLBY HUNTINGTON

(Continued on Page 15)

Laughing Girl

By
George F. Worts

As Peter and Sandra Pondered
Over the Mystery of the Slain
Ketzler, Peter Suddenly Drew
His Automatic. "What Is It?"
She Asked, Staring with Him
Into the Shadows.

"I'LL GIVE you \$10,000 if you'll turn on all your charm and cleverness and get me out of this in less than ten minutes."

This was Peter Storm's appeal to glamorous Sandra Page when held up near a small Arizona town for speeding in a midnight chase to overtake a man fleeing with the formula for loganite, a metal stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum, worth millions for war and industrial uses.

Sandra laughed. She, too, was eager to get the formula. She had entered Peter's hotel room, rifled his bags and threatened him with an automatic. Convinced he didn't have the formula, she offered to work with him. "Which ever gets it can keep it," she said. "If he can hold onto it." She declared she was the niece and heir of Hilary Logan, its inventor. Peter knew she was lying, yet attracted and fascinated, agreed to her proposal, though certain she'd double-cross him at the first chance.

He didn't know she'd been sent West by Brook Van Pell, a New York lawyer in love with her, to watch Scott Higgins, alias Prof. John Melkin, whom he had commissioned to secure the formula, but mistrusted. Van Pell, who schemed to sell the process to the highest foreign bidder, had carefully concealed this fact from Sandra.

Peter told Sandra he had agreed with Logan on royalties to be paid by his company, Allied Metals Corporation, but no papers had been signed. A little later an explosion had wrecked the Logan laboratory, near Las Vegas, Nevada, killing Logan and supposedly killing his assistant, Simon Ketzler. Peter, motoring Sandra to the scene that night, was amazed to see Ketzler scurry away in a car. Then Melkin appeared, greeted them and suddenly vanished. Peter, pursuing Ketzler, learned that Melkin was also on Ketzler's trail. Wondering if Sandra was really working with Melkin and distrusting her more and more, he told her he was dropping her. "I won't be to you. I won't double-cross you," she cried in despair, but he persisted. It was at this point when held up for speeding that he appealed to her for help. "I offered to help you," she said. "You wouldn't have me then, and you're not having me now."

The judge whom Peter faced had read of sensational episodes in his life that seemingly made him out a rich playboy. "You've been mixed up in a murder and you've broken up a home," he said. In vain Peter tried to explain. The judge declared he'd hold him under the Mann Act and, to Sandra's horror, decided to hold her, too. "So," she cried to Peter, "because of your reeking reputation, I'm to be dragged all over the front pages and my father will be shamed out of his church. And I'm practically engaged to another man."

The police sergeant, when the judge stepped out, suggested that only marriage would save them, and Sandra finally consented. The judge performed the ceremony and they resumed the chase. You've lost Ketzler," said Sandra. "Melkin will have caught him." "Then I'll have only him to deal with," replied Peter, wishing he knew who Sandra really was. "What did you do before you went in for industrial spying?" he shouted, "who are you?"

And Now Go On With The Story.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Peter shouted: "Who are you?" to the girl beside him in the speeding car, she put her lips to his ear. "I've often asked myself that. More times I've looked into the mirror and said, 'Sandra, you miss, who—'"

"Okay," he said.

She slid closer to him. "What about Lynne Van Pell?"

He hadn't thought about that highly emo-

tional young woman in hours. He didn't want to think about her now.

The road was beginning to twist again. He reduced speed.

"Well, what about Lynne Van Pell?"

"Aren't you in love with her? Aren't you engaged to her?"

"No."

"But the papers were full of it less than a week ago. Didn't she say in an interview that you and she were engaged?"

Peter said, "I'm not responsible for what Lynne Van Pell says or does."

The girl laughed. She said derisively: "Don't the people in cafe society ever mean what they say?"

"I wouldn't know."

"You ought to. You're one of its gayest flowers. Lynne Van Pell will love this."

Peter glanced at her. "What about the man you're in love with and practically engaged to? Who is he?"

"I'd prefer not to talk about him."

Peter drove a mile or so before he said, "You can get a divorce and marry him. If he's any kind of a man, no matter how jealous he is, you can explain everything to him."

She said bitterly, "No. I can't. You've attempted to that. With your horrible reputation, a divorce within any reasonable length of time would make just as ugly a story as the one we've escaped by marrying."

"Perhaps you'll fall in love with me."

"If you really meant that, Mr. Storm, I think I'd soon be able to laugh again."

"The important thing," he said, "is what the judge said. You should have thought about my reputation before you started driving wildly about the country with me."

"I didn't think I'd be dragged into one of your scandals. I didn't think my father would be dragged into it."

Peter said, with astonishment: "Weren't you lying about that?"

"Certainly not!" she said indignantly. "He is really a preacher in a town in New York State called Cohasset?"

"He is."

"That's amazing," Peter said. "I didn't

know you ever told the truth about anything. I thought it was against your principles."

She looked at his dark profile and began to laugh. "Storm," she said, "there's one thing I admire about you, and that's your boyish whimsicality."

The lights of Kingman were just ahead. The gray convertible rolled down a grade and into a wide dusty street. Peter drove into the center of town. It looked deserted. He drove on to the transcontinental highway, Route 66, to an all-night filling station.

A motorcycle policeman came out of a side street and followed. He had curly red hair, freckles, and a permanent grin. He dismounted and came over when Peter pulled in and told the filling station attendant to fill the tank.

He said: "Are you Mr. Storm?"

Peter said warmly, "Yes."

THE red-headed motor cop pulled off his gauntlets and held out his right hand. "Congratulations, Mr. Storm! And every happiness to you, Mrs. Storm." He beamed at them.

"Judge Jeffers must have been pretty busy," Mrs. Storm said.

The red-headed young man laughed. "He's a busy man. Are you staying overnight?"

"No," Peter said. "We're looking for a man who came through here an hour and a half ago in a maroon coupe."

The red-headed man chuckled. "He came through all right! He was doing about eighty. I was going to knock him off, then I figured, oh, what the hell, maybe he had a reason. There was a big blue sedan a couple of minutes behind him."

"Which way did they go?"

"West. And the rats they're traveling, they'll be in Barstow by now."

Peter thanked him and paid for the gas. He pointed the gray convertible westward on Route 66. The girl said: "What's west?"

"Needles—Barstow—Victorville—San Bernardino—Pasadena—Los Angeles."

"So what, Mr. Storm?"

"If you're determined not to get a divorce, you'd better start calling me something else."

"I'll call you Storm. That's quaint."

"It's possible," he said. "That Ketzler realized he was being followed. He seems to know these roads. He may have been scared. Or he may have reasoned that Melkin would assume he had turned east at Kingman. Or he may have planned to turn south at Topock or Needles and work to Phoenix by way of Parker, Salome and Wickenburg. And there's still the other possibility Melkin didn't stop to make inquiries. He seemed to know where Ketzler was going."

"The convoy theory?"

He said with exasperation: "If you would only talk!"

"If I know," she said crisply. "I'd have talked long ago."

There were too many curves for fast driving. Peter said, "There's going to be a cloud-burst. Smell it?"

"All I smell is heat."

"Those clouds back there mean business."

"Why not stop and put the top up? We've lost Ketzler. Why are we following him? Why are we in such a hurry? I hate cars with tops down. My hair is in a snarl."

"We'll stop at the river," he said. "Your hair is beautiful."

He reduced speed for a left curve. Just beyond the curve, on the left, was a car wall off the pavement on the gravel shoulder.

It was a maroon coupe. Its headlights and tail-light were on.

A split-second after he saw it, Sandra seized his arm and cried, "What's that?"

Peter jammed on the brakes. The convertible was sharply slowing, but the stopped coupe seemed to be rushing toward it.

She said huskily, "Be careful!"

He intended to be. He did not know whether Simon Ketzler would be there, or Melkin, or both or neither. He had no intention of stepping out of the car and getting himself shot.

He pulled off the road fifty feet behind the maroon coupe. He turned off the lights, then the ignition. He waited and listened. He heard nothing but the ticking sounds of hot metal in the roaring silence of the desert.

Sandra whispered: "Give me that pistol."

"You're going to stay right here," Peter said. "I may need your pistol. Give me that clip."

She looked rebellious. She hesitated. Then she fumbled in her purse, found the clip and gave it to him. He slipped it into the butt of the pistol, pulled back the breech mechanism to inject a shell into the chamber, and dropped the pistol into his coat pocket.

"You stay here," he repeated, and looking cautiously about him, opened the door and got out. He stopped and listened but he heard nothing but the ticking of the engine as it gave off heat. A thick of Joshua grew to the edge of the ditch.

HE WALKED cautiously toward the coupe. Sandra had knelt to see if a spark of life remained in Hilary Logan's aged assistant. Now she rose. "I feel sick," she said. She went back to the convertible, sat on the running board and put her hands over her cheeks.

The girl asked in a wavery voice, "Is it Ketzler? Is he dead?"

"Yes, shot through the head." They were silent a moment pondering over the mystery of the slain man, then Peter suddenly drew his automatic.

"What is it?" asked Sandra staring with him into the shadows.

"I thought I heard someone."

Sandra had knelt to see if a spark of life remained in Hilary Logan's aged assistant. Now she rose. "I feel sick," she said. She went back to the convertible, sat on the running board and put her hands over her cheeks.

There's whisky in the glove compartment," said Peter, lowering the pistol. "I guess I was imagining things. Don't be alarmed."

"It'll be all right in a moment."

It was evident that Simon Ketzler's killer had made an exhaustive search. A black Gladstone and an old brown valise had been emptied and slashed or ripped to shreds. Clothing and toilet articles were scattered about in the ditch. The upholstery of the coupe had been slashed. Horsehair and cotton stuffing had been pulled out by handfuls. The dead

(Continued on Next Page)

SELECTED FICTION

(Continued from Preceding Page)

man's pockets were inside out. Near his head was a black billfold and near his right hand was a nickel-plated revolver. Peter examined it. It had not been used.

Peter examined the billfold. It contained one hundred and forty dollars in ten-dollar bills.

He heard the girl get up from the running board and the faint crunching sounds of her sandals as she walked slowly toward him across the thin desert crust.

She said faintly: "I have a very poor digestion for this sort of thing. I suppose it was Medkin."

"Who else?"

"He made a pretty thorough job of it." Peter picked up the dead man's coat which was lying near the body. He held it up for the girl to see. The lining had been ripped or slashed.

She said: "He must have been here a long time to do all this."

"The question is," Peter said, "did he find the formula or was he scared off?" Then he saw the platinum watch chain. It was lying a few inches along the ground, the other end disappearing into the dead man's pants pocket.

Peter pulled it out. With it came a small bunch of keys. A small ornament glittering near the other end was a Phi Beta Kappa key. It was a watch chain and the watch was missing. It had been, Peter was certain, Hilary Logan's watch. He had noticed the chain in the afternoon because Dr. Logan had absently played with the Phi Beta Kappa key while he was talking to him, and he had been fondling the key when Peter had asked him what form the formula was in. Dr. Logan's fingers had strayed absently along the chain to his watch pocket.

And Peter had realized at the time that it would have appealed to Hilary Logan's sense of the dramatic, and to his practical sense, too, to record the formula in some way that was not obvious. Peter was sure now that his suspicion had been well-founded. If the formula was not actually somehow concealed in the watch, then it was engraved on one of the inner surfaces.

"SANDRA cried: 'The watch is missing!' She knelt beside him and examined the chain. She said excitedly: 'Storm! This loop has been prised or pulled open.'"

Peter thought: "Clever girl." "It must have been Dr. Logan's watch," Sandra said. "What do you think, Storm?"

Peter shook his head and said, "I think it's highly improbable."

She looked at him doubtfully. "If Medkin had wanted to rob him of everything valuable, he would have taken that billfold. Why did he take only the watch?"

"How," Peter asked, "do you know that he took only the watch?"

She still looked doubtful. "It's obvious, Storm, but it certainly wasn't to Medkin. It took him a long time to figure it out. Look at these footprints!"

The thin dry crust of the desert was broken as if by many milling feet. Peter was on his knees. He got up and looked about him. He saw footprints proceeding in a straight line toward the Joshua trees.

He followed them about two hundred feet into the desert when he made another discovery. Off to the right, some distance ahead, the moon gleamed in a scimitar shape on bright metal. Then, for the second time that night, a Joshua tree gave birth to a man. He was tall. He wore a pale shirt and white trousers.

Peter stepped behind a Joshua as he pulled out his automatic pistol. He said, "Medkin, stay there. And put your hands up."

The man took one step backward and lifted his right hand. There was a spurt of dirty red flame where his lifted hand was, instantly followed by a thunderous crash. Then there was instant blackness and an astral part of Peter Storm for an indefinite time roamed in strange places.

A knock occurred at the door of Count Angelo Beretti's suite on the New York bound Italian liner, City of Naples.

He opened it. The charming American girl with whom he had dined, danced and drunk was standing on deck, immaculate and fresh and lovely in white flannel slacks.

She cried gayly: "Good morning, Count!"

He started at her coldly. "What do you want?"

She pouted. The morning sunlight gleamed in her hair. Her brown eyes were clear and very alert. "Why, Count! Are you angry?"

"I want nothing to do with you," Count Beretti said stiffly. "You violated a confidence."

She said with dismay: "But you knew I'm a reporter! I told you so, don't you remember? My paper's de-

lighted that I scooped everyone else. Now, of course, they want to know why you're going to New York. Please don't be angry."

Count Beretti thought of his appointment with Scott Higgins that was supposed to be so secret, and he wondered how much he had told this impudent girl. Did she or did she not know why he was going to New York?

He had been so worried about it he had not slept all night. He glared at her out of blood-shot, haggard eyes.

Ordinarily the courtliest of men, Count Beretti glared at the girl a moment longer, then slammed the door in her face.

CHAPTER VIII

A VOICE far away cried: "Storm! Storm!" And Peter Storm opened heavy lids against which stars were pressing down. He was lying flat on his back and a face was dim above him.

Cool water spilled over his head and the stars and moon were pink through a liquid film.

He looked up into Sandra's shadowed face and saw the square water bag in her hands against the moon.

He blinked and mumbled, "Scott Higgins." "Lie still," the girl said. "What did you say?"

Peter assembled his scattered thoughts. "No, I didn't say anything. Did I say anything?" There are bells in my head, Sandy. Medkin. Where did he go?"

"He got into a car hidden back here and went crashing out of the desert and went cannonballing down the road west."

Peter tried to sit up. Something in his head felt like a great sharp-edged weight hanging about him. He groaned and fell back.

"Take it easy, Storm," she said triumphantly. "If I were a nice girl, I'd bind up the gash in your head with strips of my petticoat. But I don't wear a petticoat. And my slip is satin and satin's too slithery."

"Get one of his shirts."

"All right."

She was back in a moment, tearing the white cloth into strips.

He said: "Is it much of a gash?"

"No, I think it's called a crease. It's what they do to rambunctious mavericks, isn't it?"

"Shavetails," he said, and fingered the sticky wound that ran through his hair well up on the right side. "Only he didn't mean to crease me. He plays for keeps, that fellow."

"Don't worry," she said. "His bullet only scratched you." She washed out the wound and bound it up with strips of Simon Keteler's white shirt.

Peter tried to sit up again, and again fell back.

"This," she said, "would be a nice time to tell me all about your medals. Did he beat you to the draw, Mr. Earp?"

Peter said, "There's a cellope in my head now."

He tried to sit up again. She pushed him back. "Wait till the parade passes."

"Did you see him?"

"No. I'd just started to follow you when I heard the shot, then the car."

Peter was thinking fast. The moment before Medkin had shot, Peter had placed him. His real name was Scott Higgins, and he had been pointed out to Peter by a friend in the British Intelligence as a gentleman adventurer, a soldier of fortune with a very colorful and checkered background. He had operated in strange places all over the world—in Java, China and Persia.

He was a man who would do dirty jobs for anybody, for a price." Scott Higgins, Peter knew, was a daring and clever man, and a dangerous opponent in a game where the stakes were as high as the value of Loganite.

Sandra was looking at Peter curiously. "Have you figured out just what happened here?"

"Isn't it pretty obvious?"

"I always bow to your greater logic, Storm."

"I'd say that Medkin drove Keteler off the road and shot him at once, then made a quick search but didn't find the formula. Then I think he drove his car into the desert, where it couldn't be seen from the road, so that he could take his time and be able to make a quick getaway if anyone stopped. Will you help me up? This chase has only begun. I'm full of pinpoints."

She helped him to his feet. He started to fall. He put an arm about her shoulders and she put an arm about his waist. The stars, the moon and the fantastic Joshua slowly wheeled.

"Now your left foot," she said.

"What kind of a driver are you?"

"The kind that hugs the left on all blind curves and blows the horn like mad."

She helped him into the car and sat behind the wheel. She backed into the road and started west. She drove like an angel. Peter found the point of Scotch in the compartment and offered the bottle to her.

She said, "I think I need that now."

She took a drink and gave him the bottle. He took a long drink and put the bottle back.

THE headlights of a car coming from the west suddenly appeared around a curve.

The car passed. Peter turned and watched it. It was stopping beside the narrow coupe. It was a gray sedan.

"Did it stop?" Sandra said.

"Yes."

"We must have been the first ones who stopped since Medkin overhauled him. How come?"

"There isn't much traffic this time of night, and people in the desert are afraid of cars that stop."

They were approaching the bridge over the Colorado River when a searchlight gleamed along the rails that paralleled the highway.

The deep honking note of a streamliner's whistle pierced the roar of wind and engine.

The streamliner passed them. They crossed the bridge and presently entered Needles.

"The station's just ahead,"

Peter said. "Pull in by those two cars."

She pulled in beside a station wagon. The other car was a large blue sedan.

Sandra got out and opened the front door and the driver's side and looked at the identification slip on the steering post.

"Storm! It's Hilary Logan's car! Didn't you say the train stopped here?"

"Yes."

"Then we've lost him for keeps—unless you want to notify the police at the next stop."

"Let's check up."

They went into the station. From the station agent they learned that a man answering Medkin's description—tall, blond, mustached, wearing a pale gray shirt and white pants—had made inquiries just before the train came in, and had been informed that the streamliner did not make a regular stop at Needles, but only a service stop. The tall blond man had gone out into the switchyard.

"Did he want to buy a ticket?" Peter asked.

"Yes, sir. To New York."

"Would they have let him aboard?"

"Possibly."

Sandra looked at Peter. "So now what?"

He took her by the elbow and led her to a bench near a telephone booth. He sat her down.

"Smoke a cigarette while I do some phoning."

She was looking up at him, wondering about him. "Storm," she said, "with that bandage, you're terrific. All you need is a cutlass and your hand. Well, what are you going to do about Medkin?"

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Fly to Chicago and meet him when he gets off the train. We can get a plane out of Boulder City tomorrow morning at eleven. We'll spend the night in Kingman."

"Storm," she said, "you're a very reluctant man. I'd hate to have you for an enemy."

Peter grinned. "You have, my dear."

He went into the booth and called the Boulder City airport. He knew that the streamliner reached Albuquerque at two this afternoon. It was now two-forty-five. He could make it by plane in four or five hours, depending on the plane and the weather. He should have ample time in which to get rid of Sandra, fly to Albuquerque and intercept Scott Higgins.

When the Boulder City airport answered, he put his mouth close to the mouthpiece and spoke softly. He said he wanted to charter a plane at once to Albuquerque.

"How's the weather?"

"It's not at all good east, Mr. Storm. Flight Four reported very strong cross winds and lightning storms and were afraid of a cold front over the entire southern Rocky Mountain area. I can give you a definite report in twenty minutes, but I'm sure there's no chance of your getting through. Where can I reach you?"

"I'll phone you from Kingman. What have you for charter?"

"A six-place job that's just had a complete thousand-hour overhaul."

"How soon can you have it ready?"

"Give me an hour, Mr. Storm."

"All right. I'll want it to pick me up at the old Kingman airport. I'll phone within an hour."

Peter next called the Comanche Hotel, in Las Vegas. He instructed the desk clerk to charter a car and to have Miss Sandra Page's baggage, in Room 217, and his belongings sent to him at once at the Arizona Hotel, in Kingman.

"If you have a couple of spare suitcases, pack my things in them. Send the bill for all of it to my New York address."

When he left the booth, Sandra was sitting back on the bench with her eyes closed. He walked slowly toward her. Her brown dress was rumpled. Her white sandals were brown with

(Continued on Page 13)



"Don't Worry, His Bullet Only Scratched You," Said Sandra as She Bound Up Peter's Wound.



On the Treasure Trail of the Wicked Old Pirates

Heave Ho! and Down to the Spanish Main With Explorer Wilkins. Join the Search for Pieces of Eight, Bars of Gold, Sparkling Jewels and All the Long-Buried Booty of the Jolly Roger's Black Brotherhood—And Here Are Tales of the World's Most Famous Buccaneers Never Told Before

From the Publishing by the Renowned French Artist, Bouffier, Showing the Cruel Captain Captain Wilkins, the dead man's eyes, they tell us lies, with a Ha, and a He, and a Ho! (Pirate Song)

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY offers today the second of a remarkable series of articles dealing with the life, loves, and adventures of the most famous of all pirates and their hidden treasure.

It is written by Harold T. Wilkins, English explorer, who is a world famous authority upon this subject, and who has spent a large part of his life in investigating and searching for the hidden treasure of the pirates.

SOME came to say the pirate ship, and some by the dagger's blow, but the dead man's eyes, they tell us lies, with a Ha, and a He, and a Ho! (Pirate Song)

By HAROLD T. WILKINS, Explorer and Treasure Seeker, CHAPTER I.

HERE they be!" yelled the lookout on Captain Kidd's Adventure Galley.

Kidd ran up the ratlines like a monkey, hooked his arm about the foremast and gazed through his glass. To the east a fleet of ships plumed the blue, red-crested sun. At the head a cruel, fierce Dutch cutter and on the beam an English man-of-war scudded along beside a single-masted Moorish frigate. The merchantmen seemed to be huddled together like sheep, their mast heads dotted with lookouts. Kidd slid down a backstay and called his gunner.

"We'll wait an hour, Moore, and creep in astern of the fleet, they'll think we're a straggler."

Quietly they weighed anchor and stole out of the harbor eye. By dark they were close astern of two merchant men and Kidd ordered them alongside a deep-laden Moorish ship. The men crowded beside their guns and over each gun stood a sailor ready to swing them open.

They bore alongside the Moor which had apparently not noticed anything. Kidd peered his deck watching the other ship.

They were some distance ahead and the sun was sinking rapidly. The Moor's masts were exactly above.

"Broadside, fire!" he yelled. Immediately the parts around gun, cannons appeared and the Adventure heaved to the level of a deafening detonation. Through the smoke Kidd saw the Moor's sails holed and the bulwarks splintered along its whole length. There were screams from the crew, a mast toppled with a mighty splitting crash and swung downward like an axe, carrying the foremost with it and bringing the Moorish ship up all standing.

"Bear alongside," yelled Kidd. There was a bang and a round shot whizzed across the deck, shattering two pirates who crowded below the bulwarks.

"Look out," yelled Moore. "It's the man-o'-war!"

The British vessel had wheeled out of line and was plunging towards them. Kidd saw a puff of smoke at its bow and another shot crashed through the Adventure's bowsprit.

"Weather broadside," ordered Kidd. "Man, ye can't do it," shouted Moore. "Look, the Dutchman comes about. We'll have her in the rear."

About the ship's dark and the shore line close. Above the Moor watched held down by and her shattered masts. The British ship was firing steadily and with good aim. Already Kidd could see the man wailing the deck with their blood, and Moore drew a gasp at his arm, pointing at the Dutchman.

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Captain Kidd in New York Harbor. From the Publishing by J. L. G. Firth. It is a Historic Fact That This Notorious Pirate Held a Reception on His Bloodstained Decks Off the Battery, and Was Greatly Admired by the French Women of Fashion, Although Many of the Men Disapproved. (Copyright by J. L. G. Firth.)

Kidd stared down at the dead man. He had done a stupid thing for Moore was a brave man, a good gunner and popular with the men. He ordered him thrown overboard and usually noticed the lowering jingles his men gave him. He had to do something.

He gave orders to patrol the Malabar coast and three hundred eight or nine ships. He seemed filled with unbelievable ferocity until his men even were afraid of him. Captains were tortured to make them tell of their valuables.

Wounded crew were hoisted aboard sinking ships and left to drown.

Kidd's own battered galley was laden with plunder and wallowed a disreputable object through the clean, clear ocean. But the men were afraid of him and he feared they would attack and murder him at night. The only thing seemed to make them fear him more. And always he gathered loot—jewels and gold.

He put in at one of the Malabar islands for wood and water. Kidd wouldn't go near inhabited areas in case his men deserted. And he wouldn't let the men ashore except they were unarmed. But there were native villages near and Kidd, watching through his glass, saw the boat's crew race to their craft and put off, rowing frantically towards him.

"They've killed the cooper," they reported.

"Put out a boat," ordered Kidd. They filled a boat with armed men and with Kidd in the stern rowed ashore. A few natives shot arrows at them, then ran into the jungle.

"Fire their damned bows," snarled Kidd and switched while the village baba blew down the boat's crew.

"The man is a tree," the native was teased firmly in a palm tree facing the sea.

"Now, ye murderer dog," said Kidd, stepping close. "I'll turn ye out to interfere with Kidd's men's eyes. Kidd raised his hand.

"Ye can't," growled Moore. "The men's disatisfied. Let's take her and leave this taking to them. We'll have a new-found ship, cargo and men."

Some of the men were putting out a boat and clambering into it armed with pistols, spikes and clubs.

"Hold," roared Kidd. "I'm a'n's here. Back aboard. Give us by the hand, your returned to the deck."

"Laden cargo," said Moore. "Ye can't—"

"Ye'll do as I say—"

"Laden cargo as in. Here we be in a leaping ship a thousand leagues from land—"

"Dog is in it," growled Moore. "If I'm a dog it's you who should be no."

"Will that silence me?" screamed Kidd, picking up a wooden iron bound bucket.

Before he could strike his flag when they showed French horns. "Antonio," roared Kidd. "Ye're a Frenchman, savvy. Speak them."

Antonio laid them through a speaking trumpet and someone answered from the other vessel.

Captain Kidd Hanging in Chains of Execution Deck—From an Old Print—Kidd Had Died, for the Hope With Which He Was First Tied To the Deck With His Weight — But He Was Tied To a Second Time and More Effectually. (Copyright by J. L. G. Firth.)

"She's a Moorish ship," reported the Portuguese. "Captain Mitchell, a Dutchman."

"Who's your captain?" "A French passenger."

"Halt them and bring him aboard."

The Moor hooked her sails and a small boat put off. "Stand to your guns," ordered Kidd, and the ports swung open, the gunners started by blowing on their muzzles.

The boat came alongside and a great, fat, pink-cheeked man clambered aboard followed by a small dark-bearded fellow.

"Who are you and whence do ye come?" Kidd demanded through Antonio.

"Moor ship Remparote out of Calicut," he answered.

"Ask the Frenchie if he has a French pass."

"So," roared Kidd. "He's the cap'n. It's a French ship going under Moorish colors."

"Nay," followed the red-faced man. "I'm a snipper—Mitchell of Holland. I'm cap'n. She's a Moor."

"Oh, no," laughed Kidd. "This black-veiled rogue is cap'n and she's a Frenchie, which I by my commission, am taking for prize. Will ye fight?"

"I darn't. I have passengers," grunted Mitchell.

"Good. We'll save ye cargo."

Gradually they bore away from the Portuguese ship and put into the town of Porcia. There Kidd was able to get water and he bought tools for his tools. He actually paid much to the dignified men.

"What we want is a new ship. The old one's no more trouble on this coast," he told them. "Another brush like that and we'll be dead."

Rested, the holes plugged and foremast fixed by her own men. Passing several miles Kidd watched his men on the edge of mutiny before he could attack them. Then one fine morning they saw a great blue-bellied galleon under Dutch colors.

"There's a rich one, slow too," cooed Kidd. "The other ship changed course and bore away."

"Run up French colors," ordered Kidd. "We seem they've heard of Kidd." The flag broke off at the main truck and Kidd watched the Dutch strike his flag when they showed French horns.

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The Tropick of Cancer.



Ship Supposed to Have Been Driven by One of Kidd's Men, Utilizing the Cue to the Fate of the Great Ship, "Dutch Merchant." (Copyright by J. L. G. Firth.)

hobbled alongside with the Portuguese supercargo. "They have no gold," he explained. "All is spent in Calicut. They return with salt and rice, coffee and peppers."

"So," murmured Kidd. "If you want to be swung up tell the truth."

"Saints! Men's! It's true, as I live," swore Antonio. "There is nothing but the cargo."

He again and again the cutlasses slashed across the straining backs of the unfortunate victims while the Moor poured down their legs and bespattered the deck. They screamed, groined and at last swung unconscious, their tongues hanging out, near the stern.

"What means this?" demanded the captain. "I'm an Englishman."

"Oh, ye a'nore," sneered Kidd, "what ye doing on a Moorish craft?"

"Ask the owners. Ye must know that most Indian carry English, French or Dutch ships."

"Well, ye'll be of use to me," answered Kidd and turned to the supercargo. "What's your name?"

"Don Antonio, Portuguese," he replied. "Supercargo and interpreter."

"Good," Kidd said. "Put them in irons. I'll take a look at their ship."

Ignoring the shouts of the enraged captain he rowed across the bay. Will ye hang first," growled Parker. "No, I'll see ye hang first," grinned Kidd. "String him up," he called to the sailors.

"The captain struggled but men seized him and dragged him below the main-yard. A line swung down and the moose dragged across his neck."

"Now, Don Antonio Portuguese," Kidd eyed the interpreter. "Will ye waiting for? Swing him up. Kidd bellowed at his men.

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"The captain struggled but men seized him and dragged him below the main-yard. A line swung down and the moose dragged across his neck."

Only Troubles Now for Mae Murray Who Once Had Everything Else

(Continued from Page 7)

have jurisdiction. Miss Murray then started habeas corpus proceedings in Albany, that she might transport Koran to Los Angeles. Miss Murray resisted the action and another strange chapter of Mae's life was revealed. It seemed that in 1933, Dr. David Cumming of Albany had performed a double mastec-

operation and placed the young patient in the custody of the doctor's sister, Beese, and two brothers, John and Corliss Cumming, in their home at Averill Park, N. Y. The Cummings asserted that not only had Mae, the mother, failed to pay for her child but, in 1936 she had asked them to retain custody because of her own inability to provide for her needs. They said that Mae's motive

was not mother love but "money love." The Prince sympathized with the Cummings, taking the attitude that the boy should choose his own home. He said he wanted his son to be brought up in the healthy country surroundings, as a good American citizen and not in the "theatrical atmosphere."

Koran told the judge that he very much preferred to stay where he was, with the Cummings



Mae Murray, as She Appeared in One of Her Early Stage Successes

Peter Confesses to Sandra That He Was Eavesdropping

(Continued from Page 14)

handage at a riskish angle about his head, his dark face, his military green eyes, his lazy and deliberate smile, he looked very menacing.

Her eyes, enormous and dark, returned to his face with pleading. "I hope," she said with an air of breathlessness, "you don't mind to try to take advantage of it."

Her hands were stiffly at her sides. He saw a pulse beating fast in her throat. She untied the handkerchief and shook out her hair. It was as if something, to do she was suddenly blushing.

"After all," he said in a lazy, unimpassioned voice, "there's a key on this side of the door. All you have to do is turn it. And people who are really frightened prop children under their knees."

She looked at him as if she were about to burst into tears. She cried: "You know we both want to be married. I don't want to be married. I don't know I don't trust you out of my sight any more than you trust me."

Peter grinned. "Oh, so that's the point."

"Isn't that why we're living on this ridiculous basis?"

He said: "I don't know, Sandy. I don't know why we're living on this ridiculous basis. I haven't got anything to do with publicity."

"If I weren't a fool," she said promptly, "I wouldn't be here at all."

They looked at each other with deep and prolonged speculation and suspicion, then she smiled.

Everybody Laughs But the Funny Men's Wives

(Continued from Page 5)

stage success, "Life With Father," she could have laughed at John's whippers for she would have been wearing a big bubble. That's a sort of baseball catcher's chest protector that had slipped around.

If you can work out some financial and matrimonial settlement with Elaine, do so," Barrymore was asserted to have written, "but get rid of her."

"I have never been in love," said the polite comedian and suave clown, whose wives include the glorious Michael Strange, Catherine Harris and Dolores Costello. "I never wanted to get married. My wives married me. But I am not through with matrimonial bliss. Four unhappy trials have not exhausted my quota. I shall marry twelve times if I'll."

So even Barrymore approves the marriage institution and thinks that a man and wife should grow old and gray together.

Which they do nowadays in about two weeks.

There are some unworldly scores who insist this is not bogus for the course.

When Barbara Stanwyck met Frank Fay he was tops in billing and she was listed as "And Others." Frank was a splendid

tentatively. "Let's have a cigarette, Storm, and stop being fools."

He held out a package. She took two and lighted them and gave him one. Her hands were shaking. She laughed softly and said, "You're a liberal education."

"How," Peter said, "is your father?"

She lifted her head quickly of it.

"How did he take the news?"

"Very badly. He didn't mind my having got married. What burned him alive was my marrying you. It seems your reputation is known even in Co-hasset."

"By the way," Peter said, "I was in the next booth. I was eavesdropping."

She sat down suddenly on the bed and ran her hands into her hair at the temples. She was looking at his feet.

"I know it," she said wearily. "I saw you go out."

"That you didn't know it until you saw me go out."

"No."

"That was the man you're in love with."

She nodded without looking up.

"Also the man you're working for the representative of the British War Office. Two things interested me very much. The first was that I've been right all along on Scott Higgins—that you're working with him."

Sandra looked up quickly. "You haven't been right. I'm not working with him."

"The other thing is that you don't tell lies to the man you're in love with. I'm wrapping that

up in rose petals for the future. Who is this fellow?"

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.



Making Buildings Invisible

THE art of camouflage played a big part in the first World War, but it is even more important in the present unpleasantness in Europe. Hundreds of artists are at work in Germany, France and England working out crazy-looking patterns that make ships, roads and gun emplacements hard for the enemy to see.

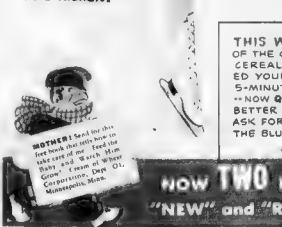
The constant threat of air attack on Europe's big cities has added a new phase to camouflage. The disguising of buildings Great Britain is considering daubing tanks, factories, railway stations, schools, hospitals and other buildings which enemy bombers might try to blast off the map, to make these structures practically invisible from the air.

At the moment the camouflage of buildings is done in two ways—by anointing them with irregular blotches of color to

make them melt into the surrounding territory, and by painting them so that they look like something they are not. The artists say they can make the roof of a hospital look like a swimming pool, or like a vacant lot. They have worked out sketches based on aerial photographs in which the various roofs of a munitions factory look for all the world a wooded park.

The blasting of non-combatants seems to have become common military tactics. The bombers dropped their eggs of death in Ethiopia, Spain, China, Poland and Finland. They may soon be playing the same uncivilized game with the citizens of London and Paris and Berlin. That's why a hard-working Committee on Building Camouflage is busy in London devising ways to make buildings invisible from the air.

SMOOTH! YOU'LL LOVE THE BLAND, SOOTHING TEXTURE OF "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT. IT'S FREE FROM IRRITATING BRAN... TASTES WHOLEHEARTEDLY AND RICHER!



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN GO BREAKFAST COSTS! YOU GET 40 GENEROUS SERVINGS FROM A SINGLE 28-OUNCE PACKAGE OF CREAM OF WHEAT—AND THE WHOLE FAMILY RIDES ALONG!

THIS WAY FOLKS TO ONE OF THE GRANDEST TASTING CEREALS THAT EVER STARTED YOUR DAY. IT'S "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT—NOW QUICKER-COOKING AND BETTER THAN EVER FOR YOU! ASK FOR THE PACKAGE WITH THE BLUE BAND—TOMORROW!

NOW TWO KINDS— "NEW" and "REGULAR" CREAM OF WHEAT

but Mae thought that was because they had refused to let her talk to her own son. The Cummings then agreed to let her talk to him and she did, but she says it was only through a closed window.

If the mother had seemed to suggest her child it was she declared exclusively because the father had refused to supply the funds to make it possible to care for the child.

The Prince answered this charge by saying that of the 10 letters Mae had written him since her divorce not one contained a single complaint on that score. Miss Murray was the counter-charge that the Prince had proved his unfitness as a custodian by not visiting Koran when the divorce was granted.

Prince David replied that since the custody had been awarded to the mother without any provision for visits by the father he had supposed that he had no right to see him.

Small wonder that the husband took the hubcap corpus question to the courts, for a contest of this kind.

HOW TO RELAX AND SOOTHE TIRED STRAINED EYES



Who suffer from burning, smarting eyes? Murine brings quick, amazing relief. A drop in each eye night and morning—that's the modern way to cleanse and soothe your eyes. Murine is alkaline—it's extra ingredients completely wash away irritation and strain. Get Murine from your druggist today.

"Bleasted eyes due to driving, not sleep, the excessive use of work, movies, television. Murine will correct eye deficiencies. For sale by druggists, a convenient professional at once."



IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it downhilled in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

GANGWAY! "NEW" CREAM OF WHEAT COOKS FULLY IN ONLY 5 Minutes!



HERE'S REAL SPEED! JUST BOIL "NEW" CREAM OF WHEAT 5 MINUTES. IT'S COMPLETELY COOKED, FULLY DIGESTIBLE—EVEN FOR INFANTS UNDER 6 MONTHS. "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT IS QUICK-COOKING, QUICK-DIGESTING—AND IT GIVES YOU QUICK ENERGY!

BUILDS YOU UP! "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT HAS EXTRA IRON TO HELP BUILD GOOD RED BLOOD CELLS; EXTRA CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS TO HELP BUILD STRONG BONES AND SOUND TEETH; EXTRA VITAMIN B₁. THE VITAMIN THAT HELPS BUILD STURDY BODIES.



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN GO BREAKFAST COSTS! YOU GET 40 GENEROUS SERVINGS FROM A SINGLE 28-OUNCE PACKAGE OF CREAM OF WHEAT—AND THE WHOLE FAMILY RIDES ALONG!

THIS WAY FOLKS TO ONE OF THE GRANDEST TASTING CEREALS THAT EVER STARTED YOUR DAY. IT'S "NEW 5-MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT—NOW QUICKER-COOKING AND BETTER THAN EVER FOR YOU! ASK FOR THE PACKAGE WITH THE BLUE BAND—TOMORROW!

NOW TWO KINDS— "NEW" and "REGULAR" CREAM OF WHEAT



TREASURE TALES OF THE OLD PIRATES

(Continued from Page 12)

therefore, he must have the prize you will be pleased to explain to the Board of Directors. In the interim, I have arranged to have the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place. I have also arranged to have the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place. I have also arranged to have the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place.

...and the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place. I have also arranged to have the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place. I have also arranged to have the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place.

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ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER!

MRS. JONES TELLS MRS. BROWN...

SEE, SUSAN—CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX! GIVE YOU LOT'S MORE SUDS!

AND THE SUDS LAST LONGER, DON'T THEY?

MRS. BROWN TELLS MRS. SMITH...

YES, CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS WASHES CLOTHES FAR WHITER—AND COLOR-FAST! PRINTS COME OUT AS BRIGHT AS NEW!

MRS. SMITH TELLS MRS. DAVIS...

YES, BETTY, CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS SOAKS OUT THE DIRTY! NO MORE HARD SCRUBBING FOR ME!

MRS. DAVIS TELLS MRS. WILSON...

ISN'T IT A BEAUTIFUL CLEAN WASH—AND CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS IN THE BLUE BOX SAVES ME SO MUCH TIME!

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING LAUNDRY SOAP!

... Because Concentrated Super Suds offers you these 5 washday aids

Join the millions of happy women who are washing in Concentrated Super Suds in the blue box—and getting washday results never before dreamed possible!

Because Concentrated Super Suds is made with PIRAY, a new soap ingredient, it gives you 5 washday advantages in tub or machine:

- First, more suds—thicker, richer suds that last for longer. Second, clothes washed far whiter—colors brighter. Third, complete safety for fabrics and washable colors. Fourth, less suds on washday and Fifth, less work—no more scrubbing! Get Concentrated Super Suds in the blue box today!



SPUD GIVES YOU FINER TASTE AND AFTER-TASTE!

*** BECAUSE IT HAS JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MENTHOL!**

SPUDS taste better to begin with—because they're made from finer tobaccos.

SPUDS leave a finer after-taste—because of SPUDS' exclusive mentholating process.

Switch to SPUD cigarettes, now that Winter's here, for their soothing refreshment of dry throats and noses. SPUDS contain exactly the right amount of menthol to make smoking—and after-smoking—a complete delight!

SPUD

Highest Quality, Correctly Mentholated Cigarettes
—AND YOU PAY LESS FOR THEM!




The Treasures Supposed to Have Been Buried by Captain Kidd Have Never Ceased to Lure Searchers for Pirate Gold. In This Old Drawing Three Such Adventurers Are Pictured Digging by Lantern Light, Hoping to Uncover a Fortune.

...and the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place. I have also arranged to have the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place. I have also arranged to have the treasure chest and its contents stored in a safe place.

Heating Our Houses With Sunbeams

(Continued from Page 4)

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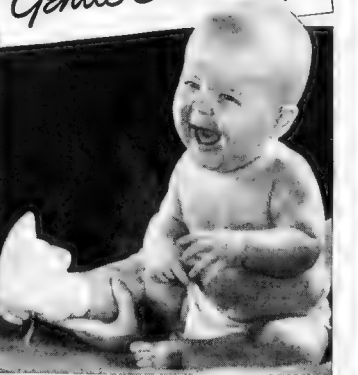
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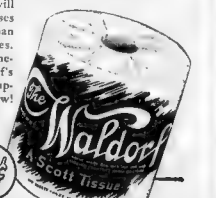
THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS PRAISE Soft-Weve WALDORF'S "Gentle Cleansing"



Mother's buy more rolls of "Soft-Weve" Waldorf than any other brand of toilet tissue in the world!

They prefer it because "Soft-Weve" Waldorf cleanses a baby's delicate skin so gently—yet is so amazingly economical. There are no tiny splinters, no irritating roughness in Waldorf. Mothers know they can count on its absorbent "Soft-Weve" texture to give the gentle cleansing that's so essential to baby's health and comfort.

MAKE THE LIGHT TEST! Hold a piece of "Soft-Weve" Waldorf to the light. You will quickly see why it cleanses so much more gently than poor-grade toilet tissues. Give your children the benefit of "Soft-Weve" Waldorf's cloth-like texture. Get a supply of Waldorf tomorrow!



5¢

(Continued from Page 6)

The American V

3983

3120

3116

Pattern 3120—RIC-RAC TRIMS THE YOKE, POCKETS AND SLEEVES OF THIS COTTON FROCK THAT'S SO BECOMING AND EASY TO MAKE. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch fabric.

exhibit?" he requested.

The girl's face went deathly

And hastily returning his five

dollar bill she left abruptly.

Visitors to the pavilion were asked by Soviet representatives to sign a petition asking them to support the subject. In

However, as time went on and



Americans of the benefits of
Stalinism.

SPA
WORLD

Yes, it seems as if the Soviet

BAKE

10

The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

LISTEN! "IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD," HORMEL'S NEW IDEA IN RADIO ENTERTAINMENT. EVERY AFTERNOON, MON. THRU FRI. COLUMBIA NETWORK

© 1940, by American Weekly, Inc. 6

Almanack Echoes

Dear Almanack:

For want of a better name, I call these "Butter Almond Creams."

2/3 cup of butter, creamed.
1/2 cup of cottage cheese
2 eggs of flour stirred into with 1 teaspoon
sifting powder and 1 teaspoon salt.
1/2 cup of finely milked almonds.

Mix thoroughly; form dough into small balls about the size of a large walnut. Put on a platter and let stand in ice-box over night. When ready to use, roll each ball into a ball about the size of a walnut, rolling it in a bowl of each cake, placing dough together over filling and twisting milk into different shaped swirls. Bake in 100° oven for ten minutes after brushing top of each with the beaten white of egg.



Grace Wellington
Crafton Heights,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Grace Wellington, Pittsburgh, Pa., Not Only Sells in a Prize Winning Recipe But She Illustrates It as Well. Your Dog, Grace?

2 Lithuanian Recipes

DEAR ALMANACK: Words could never tell you how I enjoy the Food Almanack Page. I read that page from beginning to end and then I try out recipes on my little family.

Recipes have appeared on your page from all over the country and few foreign recipes, but no one seems to have contributed a recipe from "Lithuania." My mother comes from a very little village on the outskirts of Kovno, Lithuania, and my dad is a city lad from Kovno. But I must get on with my recipe.

At harvest time each housewife tries to outdo her neighbor as far as cooking is concerned. It works this way: every farmer invites a number of men and women to help in the fields and naturally the best cook wins the greatest number of working hands. So my grandmother cooked this casserole on our visit there and I never have forgotten the prize she got.

Lithuanian Casserole.
1 pound of beef, round or chuck, freed from bone
1 pint dried lima beans
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
3 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup onion
1 bay leaf (small)
1/2 cup sliced onions
1 cup sweet butter
1 cup tomatoes chopped fine
Soak beans in cold water over night. Drain, cover with fresh boiling water, add soda and heat 1/2 hour, then drain again. Cut the beef in cubes and roll in the flour mixed with the salt and pepper. Brown beef in butter with the onions, then place in a baking dish in alternate layers with beans, tomatoes and bay leaf. Pour enough boiling water barely to cover, put on lid and bake 2 1/2 to 3 hours in slow oven. Replenish with water if needed. This recipe has been cut down to serve 8 hungry people.
Serve with cole slaw, and Apple Betty with plenty of good fresh cream.

Lithuanian Cabbage Salad.
Shred cabbage as fine as possible and allow 1 cup per person. Whip 2 cups of thin sour cream to a froth. Add 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, and a dash of celery seeds. Beat again until thoroughly mixed and blend into the cabbage. This dressing should not be too thick and if too thick add more vinegar or cream to thin.

Mrs. Josephine Wagner,
Long Beach,
California.

(Many thanks for your fine letter and excellent recipe, Mrs. Wagner. They were a prize.—Mary Lee Swann.)

HE'S ENTHUSIASTIC, TOO

DEAR ALMANACK:

Enjoy your page so much we purposely buy an out-of-town paper every Sunday just for the recipes. My husband is as enthusiastic over reading 'em as I am. Long may you reign.
Mrs. G. W. Reiman,
Imperial Beach,
California.

(Thank you, and long may you read, Mrs. Reiman.—The Editor.)

OLD-FASHIONED EELS

I remember when I was a little girl in a small town in northern Italy my mother used to make this dish which was very popular with our family. I rather think people who dislike the thought of eating eels may feel differently on trying them this way:

Eels, Old-Fashioned Italian Style.

2 pounds eels, cleaned and washed
1/2 cup olive oil
1 cup flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 cup Sherry or dry white wine
1 onion, cut fine
1 cup fresh tomatoes, chopped fine (or canned tomatoes)

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Skillet Oranges, French Toasts, Marmalade, Milk, Coffee.	Breakfast Pancakes with Orange Juice, Toasts, Poached Eggs, Toasts, Coffee.	Breakfast Bananas with Cream, Whole Grain Cereal, Daisies, Buttered Toasts, Coffee.	Breakfast Applesauce, Cereal, Individual Baked Omelets, Toasts, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange and Pineapple Juice, Creamed Codfish on Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Tomato Juice, Cereal, Philadelphia Scramble, Toasted Balls, Jam, Milk or Coffee.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cup Rice Waffles, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Vermont Sausages, Coffee.
Luncheon Curry of Salmon, Green Beans, Ice-Box Balls, Grapefruit Salad, Marmalade, Honey, Bacon Tea.	Luncheon Cream of Potato Soup, Cup Rice Waffles, Corn Fritters, Boiled Dried Beans, Cole Slaw, Date Ices, Tea with Lemon.	Luncheon Cream of Scalloped Mushrooms and Noodles, Wildroot Salad, Norwegian Fruit Custard, Tea.	Luncheon Not Lost with Creamed Green Peas, Pineapple Muffins, Fruit Compote in Lemon Jelly.	Luncheon Savory Shrimp, Mashed Vegetable Salad, Korlian Balls, Apple Snow with Cup Cakes.	Luncheon New England Baked Dinner, Jellied Tomato Salad, Pasta Dinner, Dressing, Canned Peas with Chocolate Sauce.	Luncheon Yard in Carrots with Brown Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Potatoes, Baked Peas, Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Chocolate Sauce with Whipped Cream, Coffee.
Dinner Country Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Raspberries, Celery, Tapenade with Cream.	Dinner Country Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Raspberries, Celery, Tapenade with Cream.	Dinner Country Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Raspberries, Celery, Tapenade with Cream.	Dinner Country Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Raspberries, Celery, Tapenade with Cream.	Dinner Country Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Raspberries, Celery, Tapenade with Cream.	Dinner Country Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Raspberries, Celery, Tapenade with Cream.	Dinner Country Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Raspberries, Celery, Tapenade with Cream.

Recipes From Our Menus

Savory Shrimp.

COOK 1 teaspoon minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter, stirring to prevent burning. Add 1/2 cup canned shrimp, 1/2 cup hot boiled rice and 1/2 cup cream. Reheat and add 1/2 teaspoon celery salt, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, a few grains pepper and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Serve in small party shells or on piping-hot buttered toast.

Pigs in Blankets.

SEASON 1 dozen oysters with salt and pepper. Wrap each oyster in a short, thin slice of bacon, fastening ends of bacon with a toothpick. Cook the little "pigs" in a hot saucepan just long enough to crisp the bacon. Place on small pieces of hot toast, garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Got a Cold?

When your taste for cigarettes goes dead, don't swear off smoking—just change off to KOOL and your smoking pleasure will bounce right back to normal. That mild menthol in KOOL feels soothing and refreshing to mouth and throat. Remember—when your head is stuffed-up, and other smokes lose all taste, KOOL tastes sweet! Try a pack today! (You get golden coupons, too—good in the U. S. A. for handsome premiums.) Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES—IT'S SO FAST!

MARVELOUS...SO GENTLE AND SO SAFE!

AND A LITTLE GOES SO FAR!

NEW QUICK LUX

"We didn't think LUX could be improved... but they've done it" WOMEN SAY

BIG NEWS for women everywhere! Your dealer now has wonderful new, quick Lux!

SPEED! An added ingredient costing many thousands of dollars yearly brings you gorgeous suds in a second! And new, quick Lux costs you no more! In water as cool as your hand, new quick Lux dissolves 3 TIMES AS FAST as any of 10 other leading soaps tested!

THRIFT! So rich, so pure—a little new, quick Lux goes further, gives MORE SUDS, once for once, than those other soaps.

SAFETY! Wonderfully gentle as always—safe for EVERYTHING safe in water alone.

Now it's easier than ever to use Lux. It's as easy to cut down stocking runs, remove undie odor, save hands, keep fabrics lovely longer with gentle, thrifty, new, quick Lux. Buy the BIG box today!

MY SWEATERS LOOK LOVELY...STAY NEW LOOKING LONGER WITH NEW QUICK LUX. IT'S SO GENTLE!

GOODNESS, ANOTHER RUN! WISH BETTY'D USE THRIFTY NEW QUICK LUX! IT CUTS DOWN STOCKING RUNS, SAVES MONEY!

GOES FURTHER New, quick Lux suds in a sec—costs almost nothing—a little goes so far. It's so easy to cut down on expensive stocking runs this way. Lux stockings and undies every day!

SAFETY "My sweaters keep their lovely color just by using this quick, safe Lux," says Jean Martin of Scarsdale, N. Y. New, quick Lux is so gentle... use it for everything safe in water.

FASTER "I use speedy new, quick Lux for all my soap-and-water jobs to save my hands," says Mrs. Margaret George (left) of Los Angeles, Calif.

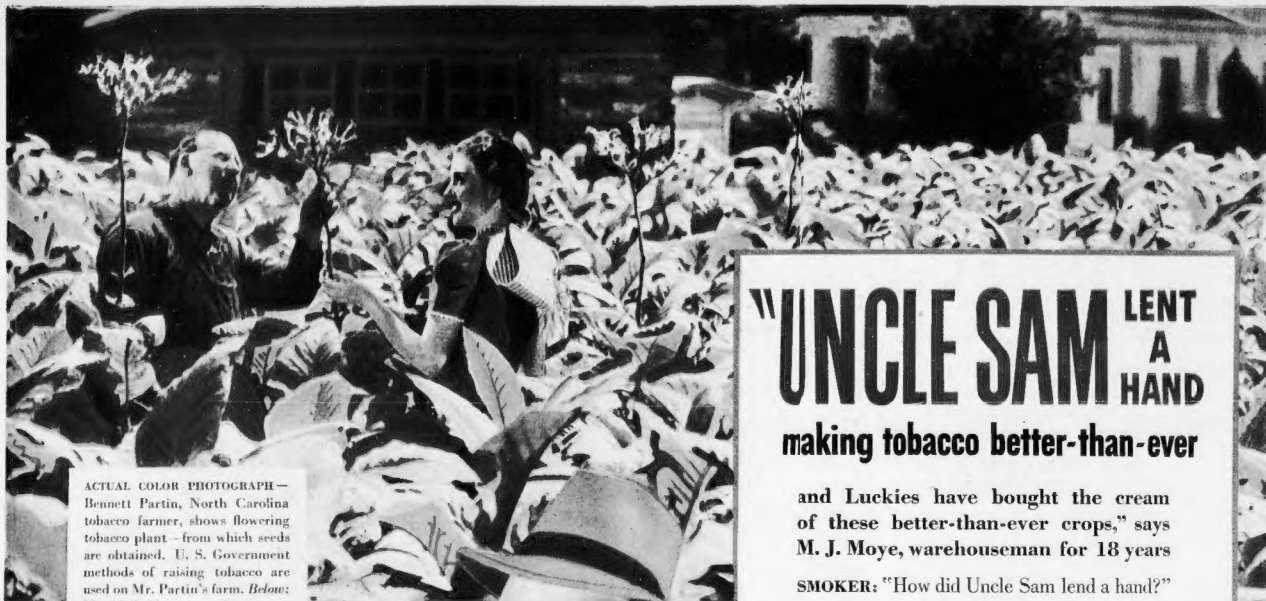
NEW QUICK LUX

SUDS IN A SEC

I'LL NEVER USE POKEY CAKE SOAP FOR MY DISHES AGAIN! NEW QUICK LUX SPEEDS UP DISHWASHING—SAVES MY HANDS!

NEW QUICK LUX

WASHINGTONTIAN WRITES "The Housewife's Food Almanack is a welcome addition to the national reading habit, for all good homemakers enjoy trying unusual recipes, especially when they are easy to prepare."
Mrs. Mary Wilson
Washington, D. C.
(...and the national cooking habit, too. Hope, Mrs. Wilson.—The Editor.)



ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH—Bennett Partin, North Carolina tobacco farmer, shows flowering tobacco plant—from which seeds are obtained. U. S. Government methods of raising tobacco are used on Mr. Partin's farm. Below: Mr. M. J. Moye in action.



"UNCLE SAM LENT A HAND making tobacco better-than-ever

and Luckies have bought the cream of these better-than-ever crops," says M. J. Moye, warehouseman for 18 years

SMOKER: "How did Uncle Sam lend a hand?"

MR. MOYE: "The U. S. Government Experiment Stations showed farmers new methods of growing tobacco."

SMOKER: "And that's why you say crops have improved in recent years?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes. Even though crops do vary with weather—tobacco today is better than ever."

SMOKER: "Does the tobacco that goes into Luckies come from these improved crops?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes, sir. Luckies always have bought the finer tobacco sold on my warehouse floor. That's the reason I've smoked them myself for years. And it's also the reason why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite of independent tobacco men—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find they're easy on your throat—because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why—**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 to 1**

Have you
tried a
LUCKY
lately?

Lacking Issues, Mutilated and Missing Pages

At this time of initial microfilming the file is incomplete or imperfect as indicated. If any of the material is added at a later date it will be found in its proper place, or at the end of the reel concerned, or on a supplementary reel, in that order of preference.

VOL. 254 NO. 22 JAN 28, 1940

THE GREEN MAGAZINE SECTION MISSING